

Cease-Fire, or, Mrs. Norman Maine

Franz Nicolay

Thought we were Nick & Nora of some local
Underground punk rock scene
I was twenty-six
She was seventeen
Too angry for lovers
Too close for friends
If you can't love me baby
Maybe we can just pretend
When we met, I was broke
Now I got a pile of tens
Baby, let's go out tonight
Let's see how fast I can spend
I got a hundred dollars cash
Let's go out all night
Let's see how much longer that money can last
If I can't love you baby
Let's try to pretend
We were well matched opponents
In our own private boxing ring
With just local celebrities in the front row
And our friends for Don King
But in these unlicensed fights, nobody wins
And the spectators yell
The judges rescind our credentials
And the press says
"Well, they're no peoples' champions"
And it's possible - even probable
We won't be lovers again
And it's possible - even probable
That that's for the best
'Cause we still believe in forgiveness
But we believe in vengeance too
I'll drop my weapons
If so will you
These days you're broke
And now I got a pile of tens
Baby, let's go out tonight
Let's see how fast I can spend
I got a couple hundred bucks
Let's go out all night
And see if that money can last until daylight

If we can't love each other
Just for the night let's pretend
If we can't love each other
Come on, let's pretend

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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